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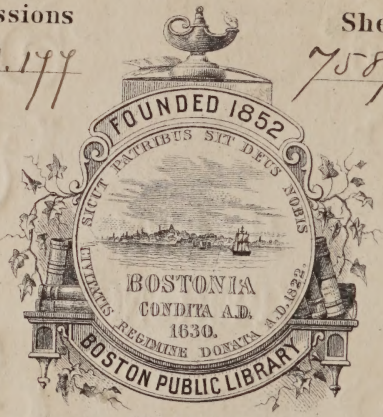

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MY OWN

EXPERIENCE.

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May 18, 1883

MY OWN EXPERIENCE.

A FEW days ago, the writer entered his sixtieth year. He well remembers the fashions and customs of his early days, when the Town of Boston contained twenty thousand inhabitants, and when the venerable Cooper, with his huge powdered wig and scarlet cloak, acting as Town Clerk, opened the town meeting in Faneuil Hall, which was then half its present size. It was then fashionable for ALL to drink intoxicating liquors,—for ministers and people to get *all but* drunk. He well recollects hearing his father say of certain gentlemen, that "he really believed they went to pay the last tribute of respect to the dead for what they could *get to drink*." At that time, relatives and friends were publicly invited to funerals, when the processions were, of course, sometimes a good part of a mile long. After prayer, and before consigning the body to the grave, "dust to dust, ashes to ashes," rum, gin, brandy, &c., were handed round, that all might be protected against the heat or the cold, the rain or the dust.

The writer was born in the good town of Boston, and enjoyed the great blessing of instruction under the venerable Bingham and Carter, long since departed. In those days, it was customary for the Master to ask, "What boy has got a copper, and will get me a cigar?" "I, sir," "I, sir," would respond from all quarters; for it was quite an object to please the Master, that he might "spare the rod." I refer to this, as an apology for the defects in composition and style

in this Experience,—remarking, that if Boston schools are not *now*, as some say, what they should be, they were at that time far, very far, from being what they now are. Yet, with all their disadvantages, what have not Boston schools done for our country? How many of her sons have been the lights of the age! And why? Because they have had character as well as knowledge.

In those days, as nearly all drank intoxicating drinks, *good men* sold; and Boston has the honor of establishing the first Distillery. Hence the name of "New England Rum" had its origin.

In days gone by, so respectable was the business of rumselling, that grocers had painted in GOLD CAPITAL LETTERS on their door posts, shutters, &c., in connection with *their names*, RUM, BRANDY, GIN AND WINE, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,—so that old and young, and even the wayfaring man, might not mistake the way. *Now* that the darkness has passed, and the true light shineth, most good men have quit a traffic fraught with crime, pauperism, domestic unhappiness and death to their fellow creatures.

To dwell longer on the days of darkness, would take too much time and space. Suffice it to say, that we were called a "NATION OF DRUNKARDS," and were in a measure so, till a few became sufficiently sober to make the discovery.

In the events of a kind Providence, when the evil had become intolerable, such men as Nathan Dane, Rev. S. Worcester, John Brooks, Rev. John Pierce, Joshua Huntington, Chief Justice Isaac Parker, Samuel Dexter, Charles Lowell, William Jenks, and many others, most of whom have gone to their reward in a world where, we have the authority of Scripture to believe, no drunkard can enter, associated themselves in this city as the Massachusetts Society for the Suppression of Intemperance, and organized on the 5th of February, 1813,—being the first society formed in America. Of the original 110 members, only 43 sur-

vive; of the 15 officers, but 3 are now living, one of whom, venerable in years, a resident in our vicinity, has been instant in season and out of season, an example to his Rev. brethren, warning his fellow creatures to "look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright; for at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

The Massachusetts Society contemplated by its pledge only "to check the too free use of ardent spirits." We smile, now, at such a fact, yet it was a wise beginning, as experience has proved. In February, 1826, thirteen years after, the American Temperance Society was formed, on the true principle of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks.

So alarming was the spread of intemperance, that many of the best minds of the country saw the necessity of taking effective measures for its suppression. And we hear the Hon. Samuel Dexter, of Massachusetts, one of the ablest and most distinguished men of his day, and a pioneer in the temperance reform, saying: "Give me the money drawn from the pockets of our countrymen for the support of *drunken paupers*, and I will pay the expenses of the General and State Governments, and become in a few years, with the surplus, as rich as the nabob of Arcot."

What Mr. Dexter said is true, and the whole country is enormously taxed for the support of paupers and criminals, made such by intoxicating drinks. The free, intelligent State of Massachusetts has at this moment an army of 14,000 paupers, supported at an annual expense of *Three Hundred Thousand Dollars*. What creates this army? Intemperance, mainly. And who pay the cost of its maintenance? Our hard working mechanics and yeomanry, as well as rich capitalists.

To detail the rise and progress of the temperance reform is not the design of the writer. These are fa-

miliar to all who feel any interest in the subject. It is rather to notice the present state of the reform, and some of the obstacles in the way of its success.

It is admitted that intemperance is on the increase in many places, and particularly so in Boston, which is becoming the Bay State Rum Depot, whence go out all sorts of intoxicating drinks, by railroads and steamboats, by milk-carts and public and private conveyances, to towns and counties where the sale is prohibited, and where the drunkard would be preserved from temptation, and his family from misery, if the dealers in Boston would not sell.

Read the records of the Police Court, the presentments of the Grand Jury, the notices in our papers of crimes, murders, incendiarisms, accidents and deaths; or visit the State Prison, as the writer has often done, and inquire of the Chaplain there, or of Capt. Robbins, at the House of Correction, and all over this free country, and you will find one united testimony from criminals and ALL, that three-fourths of these crimes and casualties originate in the intoxicating cup.

Though often invited, the dealers in strong drink dare not come out to argue the subject; they know in their consciences that the business is bad, but they will not go where the "shots strike" to see the fruits of the traffic.

One of the largest wholesale dealers in this city, who lives in luxury, rides in his own carriage, and fares sumptuously every day, and who has made a fortune and is yet willing to add to it—which, when he dies, may be a curse to his children—lately boasted that his business was increasing, *reviving;* and about the same time he received a large supply of Champagne, &c., &c., with which to initiate young gentlemen into the mysteries of drunkenness. Good Heavens! may such men have no greater trial than a dissipated son, or a daughter married to a drunkard, to teach them to weep with those that weep! And yet, we hope they may be spared such affliction.

A widow lady of wealth, occupying a $12,000 house, elegantly furnished, who keeps her carriage, and has all at her command that money can obtain, sent for the writer, to consult him, as to what could be done for an only son, a graduate of Harvard College, and a victim to the champagne cup; for at midnight, said she, he comes home drunk and disturbs the family, and we can bear it no longer. This is a single case, out of many that I have known. Had he been the son of a poor woman, the police would have provided for him at the Drunkards' Work Shop, in South Boston, and the afflicted mother would be compelled to solicit charity. Is it right, is it just, to follow a business leading to such results?

As effect follows cause, it has ever been found, that, as intemperance prevails, vice, crime, pauperism, with gambling and Sabbath-breaking increase. We have alarming evidence of this in our own city, *once* considered the most moral in the Union, if it is not so now.

The neighborhood of Hanover Street, Concert Hall, Court, Sudbury, School and Tremont Streets, has become a public nuisance, of which repeated complaints have appeared in the papers. Why is it so? Because it has become the *Head Quarters of Gambling*, in various forms, drinking, dissipation, and of course Sabbath-breaking.

There are well known facts on this subject which ought to arouse the indignation of the community, and which, I trust, will, till a remedy is found.

Says a father, "My only son, beloved by us all, by visiting at C. H., (Oyster Saloon,) formed a *taste* for B——'s vile compounds, called 'Fancy Drinks,' and has been repeatedly intoxicated. His mother and myself are miserable, and he must now leave us for a long voyage, to change his habits and save him from utter ruin."

Another father said to me a few days since, "My son came home from C. H., intoxicated, last Sabbath

evening. Cannot something be done?" he asked, in tones of deep anxiety and earnestness.

A short time since, a respectable young man came to me to sign the pledge, saying, he must do it or be ruined forever; for he had been familiar with B——'s for years, and visited there Sabbath evenings. Said he, "the people have no idea what places we have among us, and how many young men visit them to their ruin," and added, "and young women visit them too, for there are ladies' departments, and some of these ladies are of rather doubtful character." He said that, on going to bed, he had wet his pillow with tears, when he thought of his good mother and home, for he was very respectable and from the country.

Said a mechanic, "I was cheated—for I can call it nothing better—by gamblers, in that vicinity, out of $2,000, and about ruined; and all such places have strong drink to aid in the work."

A young gentleman, with an interesting and afflicted wife, called, quite lately, to sign the pledge. They were entire strangers to me till then. Said he, "I was invited by young men to visit certain places; I went, resolved not to play for money. I drank; was overpersuaded; played billiards for a small sum; won; played and won again; became infatuated; played from time to time; lost all I had, several hundred dollars, and last night, for the first time in my life, went home intoxicated. I promised my wife that I would sign the pledge, and I now do so. One year since, I was a very different man, and mean to be so again." He added, "None but those who have seen, can tell the temptation there is in this city to drink and gamble."

His wife sat pensive and silent, to hear all her husband said, and then voluntarily took the same pledge and signed it, as she said, to encourage him,—for, said she, "Husband, you know I never take even wine." What a noble example! They left, happy in the step they had unitedly taken. It was a reunion to them,

and happier days have since dawned upon them. She remarked, "How truly has Mr. Gough said, 'None but wives know what women suffer from intemperance.' It cannot be exaggerated."

A young man of respectable and pious family, from the country, went into business in this city. He possessed no ordinary talents, and succeeded well,—made money, was in excellent credit, and highly esteemed by all. He married, and all seemed fair, till it was discovered that he drank freely. Where now is this bright and promising youth?—Out of business, out of the church, and out of good society.

All who will but reflect, know the consequences flowing from the numerous temptations to ruin which beset young men; and yet how many there are who do nothing, unless it be to ridicule the efforts made to remove them.

The case of the poor family, where the father or the mother becomes intemperate, is hard indeed; and, in fact, it is not uncommon for both husband and wife to become drunkards. What then is the fate of the children? The Alms House must become their home, unless they are sentenced for crime to the House of Reformation.

The great increase of low grog shops, upheld and encouraged by the example of Oyster Saloons, Restorators, and large Hotels, or whatever they may be called, cannot have escaped notice; but whether high or low, *respectable* or otherwise, whether named Tremont, Albion, Pavillion, Shakspeare, Rialto, Apollo, Merchants' Exchange, Concert Hall, Shawmut, American, Black Horse, Bite, or Shades,—if the intoxicating cup can be had under their roof, in cellar or in garret, it causes the same great evil, though to be sure, in various degrees; *it makes drunkards*, and will perpetuate the sin of intemperance and furnish food for the drunkards' grave.

That intemperance is on the increase, we have daily

proof, in the afflicted wives and destitute children who call for aid.

Says a poor woman, with five children and one at the breast, "My husband has broken his pledge, and we are again miserable." Where is he? "Oh! the watchman took him last night, and he is in jail; he is to be tried to-day, and, unless Mr. Augustus helps him, he will go again to the House of Correction for six months." Who sells liquor to your husband? "Oh, he can get it all around the neighborhood."

Says another poor afflicted woman: "My husband left me destitute, with my three little ones, and I don't know where he has gone; he drinks badly, then abuses me and the children. I have nothing to eat, this morning. When he is sober, he is sorry, and says he will not do so again; but the rumsellers tempt him, and it does not take much to upset him."

These cases are but specimens of hundreds constantly occurring in our "moral city of Boston." Do they not call for relief? Citizens of Boston, Friends of Humanity, Christians, is there no remedy for such cruelties? There must be some where: where is it?

A remedy was found by Josiah Quincy and others, when Boston Common became a disgrace to our city, by the sale of intoxicating drinks on public days; and children could not enjoy the green grass and pleasant holiday, because *rum* was there. Now, how is it on such occasions?—The pride of all good citizens and the praise of all strangers.

But a few years since, a remedy was found for *lottery gambling*, when young A——s fell, a self-sacrifice to that temptation, and defrauded his employer, a worthy and respectable merchant, of many thousands of dollars. The citizens met, determined to act, and, at the hazard of being called spies and informers, came down on all lottery offices, with the force of public opinion like an avalanche, and drove the vile traffic from our city, never more to disgrace it.

A remedy was found, when a former Fire Depart-

ment, powerful and efficient as it was, became corrupt and disorderly, attempting to rule rather than obey those in authority; and Samuel A. Eliot, the then able mayor, aided by the union of good men, nobly effected a change, under which peace and order, with unsurpassed efficiency, prevail.

A serious crisis has come to our good city. It is no less than this: Who shall reign? Shall INTEMPERANCE, with all its deadly evils, roll back upon us? Shall Blacklegs find this moral city of Boston, once the pride and glory of the land, a quiet, undisturbed spot for their gambling vocations? If so, your sons will be ruined, your city disgraced, and become the rendezvous for the vile and profligate from the old world as well as the new. You must awake to the subject soon, or it will be too late. The evil already exists. The fact is not to be disguised, that the friends of reform, peace and order in the community, have powerful obstacles to overcome, and cannot succeed without united, vigorous and resolute action.

First, they have immense invested wealth against them, and the Distillers are gentlemen, who meet where Merchants congregate. There they bargain with the importers of molasses, and have their sympathy.

This reminds me of a remark lately made by a large importer of sour molasses, "Why do the temperance folks let intemperance gain as it does?" The answer to him should have been, Because *you* are in favor of the Distiller, and have a common interest, and I see not but you are as much a drunkard maker as he is.

Another obstacle is the love of money. Men of wealth, who have buildings which they rent for gambling and drinking, and stock in steamboats where strong drinks are sold, are, in interest, opposed to the progress of temperance, let them profess what they will—for "actions speak louder than words."

It is a burning shame and disgrace that rich men, members of our churches, should suffer their property

to be used against the cause of morality. They are accountable, and must answer to public opinion here, and at the bar of God hereafter, for all the crimes resulting from their cupidity.

It avails nothing to give money, now and then, to some benevolent object, and remain accessories to pauperism and crime. Every man is his brother's keeper, and no Christian has a right to use his property to corrupt and injure his fellow men.

Another obstacle is, wine drinking, by some of the Clergy, and it may be even at the residences of some of their own parishoners; or at meetings of the standing committee elected to watch over the interests of a "religious society." Oh the inconsistency of professing Christians! "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no more while the world standeth."

Another obstacle is wine drinking by the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, and other military companies, and the Alumni, Dane Law School, &c., at Cambridge, by the Mechanic Association of Boston, and on Forefathers' Day at Plymouth, by which such examples are set to young men as will be the ruin of many of them—if past experience is any test of such results.

Another most serious obstacle is, "the fear of man which bringeth a snare;" and if some of our Clergymen would but speak the truth in love, and notice the traffic in intoxicating drinks as it deserves—as leading to profanity, Sabbath breaking, pauperism and crime—they would clear the skirts of their garments from the responsibility that now rests upon them in this matter, and save souls from ruin. Do not consider this severe, but think of the consequences involved in your neutrality or indifference in a cause affecting the happiness of millions.

The writer has in mind very many cases of *young men* in various churches, who have become dissipated, yet the manufacturers and dealers worship at ease, Sabbath after Sabbath, in these same churches from which these young men have been ejected, seated on

cushions and occupying the first pews, where they never hear such sermons as we imagine Paul preached, when he reasoned of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come, which made even Felix tremble.

Another reason to be assigned for the present state of the cause is, that the question of the constitutionality of the law on the subject remains unsettled. The liquor dealers hope for a favorable result, because they have not yet *lost* their case at Washington. Let the decision be as it may, it can never make the traffic *moral*, nor alter public sentiment. There will yet remain an appeal to a higher tribunal than earth affords, where the afflicted wife, and worse than orphan children, can appeal.

If an experience of forty years qualifies a man to judge of the cause and effect of intemperance, the writer may claim to do it, and so far from its evils being exaggerated, it is scarcely possible to describe them. What then shall be done at this crisis? Will our men of wealth sit quietly at home, counting their Bank, Railroad or Factory Stock, and let the temperance cause suffer for the want of that aid which they can give it by their *example* and *decided action*, as well as by their money?

Let a public meeting be called in Faneuil Hall, at which A. L., or T. J. S., or R. C. W., or some good man shall preside. Let the Reverend Clergy be present, one and all,—for it is a cause intimately connected with the Gospel they preach. Let leading politicians take part in the meeting: the object is equally important to both parties,—for, without temperance, what will become of our liberties? Let resolutions be adopted, exhibiting the effects of the traffic as connected with *pauperism*, *crime*, and *gambling*, and let the subject be freely discussed, pro and con.

Let a voice go out from old Faneuil Hall, as in the days of Hancock and Adams, Otis and Quincy, in favor of Humanity. Let the subject of purifying

Boston morally, be deemed as important as a supply of pure water, in which such an interest is expressed for the *poor*, who suffer ten-fold more from *rum* than from the want of *water*, great as it may be. Let the future peace, prosperity, order and happiness of the old Bay State be considered of equal importance with a Railroad to Canada, and Boston no longer send out an influence to corrupt and destroy the peace of New England, as is now done, to her shame and reproach, by the traffic in rum.

Let such a meeting be called promptly, and let those friends of temperance who have never appeared in public on this question, speak out like men interested for their race, and they will do more good to suffering humanity, than by establishing Hospitals, Asylums, or Farm Schools, or by giving money to relieve the poor,—for such institutions and such relief would scarcely be needed if intemperance were done away.

Citizens of Boston ! calling your attention to the Appendix, you are again entreated to consider the subject of this pamphlet, and decide this day whom you will serve,—GOD or MAMMON—HUMANITY or your own ease.

APPENDIX.

WHAT IS THE TRAFFIC?

1. *It is an unrighteous traffic.* — It takes a man's money without an equivalent. He asks for bread; it gives him a serpent, and sends him away, stript of his money, to be a curse to his family.

2. *It is deceitful.* — It promises to do good, and only does evil. Every advertisement is a LIE. If the liquors were what they promised to be, the buyer would yet be deceived; but they are seldom so; they are a hidden compound of deadly drugs and poisons.

3. *It is a worker of iniquity.* — A man who, without it, would do almost no evil, will, through its power, do every thing bad; murder the wife of his bosom, curse his father, ruin forever his own soul.

4. *A destroyer of the rich.* — Thousands on thousands of great estates has it swept as with the besom of destruction; and family after family, once rolling in affluence, has it sent, amid bitter tears, to the comfortless poor-house.

5. *An oppressor of the poor.* — It grasps his precious earnings; takes the bread from his children; secures a mortgage on his little habitation, and makes him grind in iron bondage.

6. *Cruel.* — Oh, how cruel! "My husband was once the kindest of men. Now, Oh, how he treats me! Oh, the woe, the wounds, the strifes, that rum creates, and it cares not! It takes the last bag of corn, and leaves us to starve! It strips us of clothing, and fuel, and a father's love, and laughs at our tears!"

7. *Unmerciful.* — "I have asked him, on my bended knees, not to sell my husband rum. He says he will. We urged him not

to send us to the poor-house. He said the rum bill must be paid, and the mortgage sued up. He thrust my husband into the street at midnight, in a bitter storm, drunk and friendless, and he has since not moved from his bed." — *Wife's Lament.*

8. *Man-hating.* — The traffic has no love for the race; hates its happiness; is a murderer from the beginning. "I challenge any man," says Dr. Beecher, "who understands the nature of ardent spirits, and yet, for the sake of gain, continues to be engaged in the traffic, to show that he is not involved in the guilt of murder." "It is a traffic," says Chancellor Walworth, "in the souls and bodies of men."

9. *God-dishonoring.* — The noblest work of God it despises; blots out from it his image, and turns it into a drivelling, bloated drunkard.

10. *God-provoking.* — When God made this beautiful world, and placed in it the chief workmanship of his hand, it comes in to defile all; to lay waste all; to cause him to repent that he had made man upon earth. Oh, what a place, God may say, has this traffic made of my beautiful world!

11. *Reason-dethroning.* — Oh, the number of insane in the hospitals, made madmen by the traffic! One-third of all. "Intemperance," says Dr. Woodward, "continues to be one of the most prominent causes of insanity, notwithstanding the great change in the habits of the community."

12. *Life-destroying.* — 30,000 go annually, in the United States, to the drunkard's grave, 60,000 in Great Britain, and the vender knows it, and sells on. In thirty years the traffic in intoxicating liquors causes a loss of 32,400,000 years of human probation and active usefulness.

13. *Unrepenting.* — The vender sorrows for little of the evil he does. He sees the made drunkard! It gives him no trouble; the hopeless widow and children! It gives him no trouble; hears the oath, the blasphemy, the curse! It gives him no trouble; sees the murder committed by his very door! It touches not his heart. "I may as well sell as another; as well have the money as another." Hardened! Hardened! he sells on.

14. *Self-avenging.* — The vender himself often becomes a

drunkard, Oh, how often! becomes poor, abject, despised; a criminal; a forsaker of his God; an abuser of his family; a tenant of the jail. 150 rumsellers are even now in the Ohio penitentiary. "He made a pit and digged it, and hath fallen in the ditch which he made."

An able writer thus sums up the question:

The traffic of intoxicating liquors is unjust towards men, and offensive to God — because

1st. It encourages fraud by the practice of adulteration.

2d. It perpetuates Intemperance.

3d. It promotes pauperism, sin and crime.

4th. It demolishes the wealth of the State.

OPINIONS OF DISTINGUISHED MEN ON THE TRAFFIC.

"*It is the capital of the rich, which erects the distillery, and surrounds men with temptations to self-murder.* The retailer takes shelter under the wholesale dealer, from whom he purchases the pernicious draught; and has he not a right so to do? Can we expect that he should shrink from spreading on a small scale, what others spread largely and without rebuke? Can we expect his conscience to be sensitive, when he treads in the steps of men of reputation? Of the character of those who vend spirit, I do not judge. They grew up in the belief of the innocence of the traffic, and this conviction they may sincerely retain. But error, though sincere, is error still. Right and wrong do not depend on human judgment or human will. Truth and duty may be hidden for ages; but they remain unshaken as God's throne; and when, in the course of his providence, they are made known to one or a few, they must be proclaimed, whoever may be opposed. Truth, truth is the hope of the world. Let it be spoken with kindness, but with power." * * * * *

"When I go to the poor-house, and see the degradation, the spiritual weakness, the abjectness, the half-idiot imbecility, written on the drunkard's countenance, I see a ruin which makes

the cost of his support, a grain of dust in the scale. I am not sorry that society is taxed for the drunkard. I would it were taxed more. I would the burden of sustaining him were so heavy, that we should be compelled to wake up, and ask how he may be saved from ruin." — *WILLIAM E. CHANNING.*

"No proposition seems to me susceptible of more satisfactory demonstration than this; and I am sure that no person can give it one hour's serious thought without assenting to it; that in the present state of information on this subject, no man can think to act on Christian principles, or do a patriot's duty to his country, and at the same time make or sell the instruments of intoxication. — *HENRY WARE, JR.*

"If any man choose to continue the traffic in alcohol, I have but one word to say. My brother, when you order a cargo of intoxicating drink, think how much misery you are importing into the community. As you store it up, think how many curses you are heaping together against yourself. As you roll it out of your warehouse, think how many families each cask will ruin. Let your thoughts then revert to your own fireside, to your wife, and to your little ones; look upward to Him who judgeth righteously, and ask yourself, my brother, Is THIS RIGHT?" — *FRANCIS WAYLAND.*

"The traffic in intoxicating liquors has been, and is, one of the most prolific sources of vice, crime, misery, and ruin, in existence. For fifteen years have I lent my humble aid in the effort to roll back its desolating tide. I have seen its terrible effects upon the intellects, the consciences, the hearts, the happiness, the hopes of men. My heart has bled at the sight of the once happy homes made desolate, and the once cheerful and buoyant hearts crushed by it in the agony of despair. Our poor-houses, our State Prison, and our Insane Asylum, all bear witness to its ravages upon the bodies, estates, minds and hearts of men. And while all these appalling evils and miseries have been made to stand out in bold relief, and have been urged with a fervor which has seemed resistless, I have seen men persisting, unmoved, in

the traffic which has produced them — coolly tempting men to the dangerous indulgence, and even drawing those who had escaped from the very jaws of destruction back to its deadly embrace; in fact, bidding defiance to the friends of temperance, in the apparent consciousness that the temptations were stronger than all the arguments and warnings and entreaties they could urge to save the tempted. * * * *

"And now the question comes home to my heart. Shall I assume an air of grave indifference to all this, and hold my peace, because I am the Chief Magistrate of Vermont? I frankly say, I cannot. I *must* speak, at whatever hazard. I will inflict no wounds, wantonly, upon the feelings of any; but I must speak. Truth, justice, humanity, demand it. The dearest and most precious interests of this community are at hazard; and do my fellow citizens think that I am going to wrap myself up in solemn dignity, and witness, unmoved, the work of destruction that is going on around me? Was it for this they elected me to the Chief Magistracy of Vermont? I do not so understand their will, or my duty." — *GOVERNOR SLADE.*

Within a few months, as the result of this traffic, a once respectable mechanic of Pittsfield, Mass., became drunken, and was torn to pieces while lying insensibly on the railroad track, by the passing of the train in the darkness of the night. A public meeting was held, on which occasion his Excellency, *GEORGE N. BRIGGS*, asked:

"Who did the deed? Who robbed those children of a father, and made that wife a widow, perhaps a maniac? It was not the ponderous engine, rushing with whirlwind speed over its iron road. It was the vender of intoxicating drink; the man who in defiance of all laws, human and divine, scattered around him the seeds of temporal and eternal death. For all the wealth that liquors bought and sold have earned, I would not stand in that man's place. * * Nor would I resort now to forcible means to stop this traffic. I would first exhaust all the resources of love, and kindness, and persuasion, and entreaty, and friendship, and if these would not avail, I would appeal to the strength of the law."

INTEMPERANCE IN BOSTON.

At a meeting held in the vestry room of the Salem Church, in March, 1846, M. Grant addressed the audience for a short time, in his usual affecting manner, detailing some instances of the effects of drunkenness which had come under his observation, and read from a New York paper an interesting description of a famous drinking house in that city, in which are practiced alluring arts, to lead young men to degradation and ruin. There were many such establishments in this city, and it was the bounden duty of all good citizens to put a stop to these diabolical iniquities.

He then introduced to the audience Mr. Oviatt, a city missionary, who considered particularly the liquor dealers, and eloquently urged as the best means by which to stop the traffic in ardent spirits, the prayers of all good Christians, reasoning with the liquor sellers, a withdrawal of all communication with them, and the enforcement of existing laws.

Rev. M. Burton, a minister at large, was next introduced. He was satisfied, from his own personal observation, that intemperance was on the increase in this city, and fearfully so. It has been suggested to enforce the existing laws. The law was totally inadequate, as there was wanting a proper moral sentiment to sustain the law. He had seen the law, in the person of a watchman, arrest a man in the street, place irons on his hands, and lodge him in prison — the culprit was led along as a child, not daring to make the least resistance. And it was because public sentiment sustained the officer. And public sentiment must sustain the law rigidly in regard to liquor dealers, no matter of what degree, before it can be in any way effectual.

He spoke of reasoning with the dealers as one means that had been suggested to stop the progress of the traffic. He believed that by a vigorous and united movement, much might be effected. He had visited a number of retail dealers, and asked them why they persisted in their business. They told him the same old story — that if they did not sell liquor, somebody else would,

and that they were only endeavoring to obtain an honest living. He had also visited a distillery, where he was told by one of the proprietors that he manufactured four thousand five hundred hogsheads of rum a year, which was sent to every part of the country, and the world. In reply to his inquiry why he persisted in his wicked traffic, the distiller replied, that "liquor would be drank so long as the world stands, and that his conscience would have to be pinched a little closer, before he would abandon a business that had enriched his father, and was now enriching him." The conscience of the distiller had been pinched already. The speaker said that what was most wanted was a great revival — a revival in comparison with which all other revivals will sink into nothing. He felt satisfied that this alone would stop the misery and ruin which had so long existed, and which was increasing.

He concluded with an eloquent and forcible appeal to parents to keep close watch upon their sons, and the young men under their charge, that they strayed not into temptation.

Rev. Dr. BEECHER next addressed the meeting. He compared the liquor traffic to an engine. It was not by placing the hand upon one wheel or another that the machine could be stopped, but you must destroy the power that gives the whole life and motion. So with liquor sellers; it was not by stopping the retailer, but by stopping the men on Long wharf and Central wharf — men who are clothed in broadcloth and fine linen, who live in Beacon and Summer streets, and who fare sumptuously every day, and who are courted and honored — that the traffic could be destroyed. This would be a difficult task. He believed in the natural depravity of the human heart, and he agreed with his friend that the Holy Ghost was the power which would turn the hearts of these men. He was likewise of opinion that a great revival was necessary — one that would shake the city like an earthquake, and send conviction to the hearts of all who were not already convinced. Public sentiment is public justice. When men see a great wrong, their hearts burn within them, and when this public wrong is clearly demonstrated, the united heart will kindle a flame so intense that the manufacturers will be utterly

consumed therein. The speaker earnestly appealed to young men to beware of their danger, and avoid temptation.

From the Boston Journal.

Mr. Sleeper: — Allow me a few lines, if you please, to say a few words respecting the alarming increase of intemperance in our midst. That there is an increase of intemperance in our beloved city, no one, I think, can deny. It stalks abroad at all hours, in the day time and the night time, and its effects can be seen in all our principal thoroughfares. I happened to have occasion to be in the streets for several evenings of late, and was astonished at the scenes that came before my eyes. In the course of one evening's walk through a street in the vicinity of State street, and of several gin palaces, I stumbled over a well dressed young man, lying dead drunk on the sidewalk, his head resting on a stone step for a pillow. I had gone but a short distance, when a "young gentleman of cloth" came reeling along, nearly monopolizing the whole sidewalk by his movements. A little farther on, I overtook another in a similar situation. Of late, I have, and undoubtedly have others, met many such cases.

It used to be common in my boyish days to witness such sights of human degradation, but of late years, up to the present time, thanks to the well-directed efforts of the Washingtonians and other good citizens, we have been spared these heart-sickening spectacles. But the monster, King Alcohol, has again reared his head, and we are to have another struggle to crush him — one which will require all the energies that the friends of total abstinence can bring to bear. The community should be aroused to the importance of the subject. Some speedy means should be adopted to prevent the dreadful ravages which drunkenness is now making.

The paths of our youth are beset with more temptations than ever. The haunts of intemperance are made more and more alluring to youth. These bar-rooms are gaudily decorated and furnished, and the walls are generally hung with objectionable prints or paintings. The drinks are called by fancy names, and the liquors are so disguised as to make them palatable. It would as-

tonish the great portion of our citizens to go of an evening the rounds of the fashionable rum-shops in this city, and there see the youth of our city wasting away hours, drinking, smoking and carousing. It is revolting to know that such haunts exist in the community. If moral suasion cannot put down the traffic in rum, some other means must and will probably ere long be devised to effect it. It is melancholy to be compelled to say that our city is taking a retrograde step in the cause of temperance; but it is nevertheless a fact. A THOROUGH TEETOTALLER.

Extract from a late presentment of the Grand Jury for the County of Suffolk.

"In the course of their investigations, the Grand Jury have had their attention directed to the *increase of intemperance and dissipation by night*, arising from *oyster saloons*, so called, *which have multiplied of late in this city. Many of these are fitted up in an attractive and elegant manner, in some instances, showy lamps are allowed to obstruct the sidewalk in front of the establishment.* To these places the youthful and inexperienced from the city and vicinity are attracted, and here they are furnished with the means of intoxication without restraint.

The laws have wisely provided that all places of business shall be closed by twelve o'clock on Saturday night; but several of these establishments entirely disregard these laws, and are frequently seen open as late as three o'clock on the morning of the Sabbath. *It was in evidence before the Grand Jury that more than one hundred persons, mostly young men, were passed by one of our city police officers, between the hours of twelve and two o'clock on a Saturday night, in November, in a walk extending from Washington street, through Cornhill square, and Court street, to Cambridge street, all in a state of partial or entire intoxication.*"

POLICE COURT, August 4, 1845. — [Justice Cushing] — Robert Ray was brought up on complaint of Jeremiah Judge, for assaulting him. It appeared that two cabs, driven by boys, had run into each other, and Ray, who passed for the "South Boston

bully," came out of his work-shop, and took up the quarrel for one of the boys; whereupon Judge takes up the cudgels for the other one. Judge had a knife in his hand, and Ray seems to have made that an excuse for beating him severely, although he made no resistance, not even returning a blow. Ray was fined $5 and costs. The court informed him that, as he had some reputation as a fighter, if he should come up a second time for a similar offence, he would not get off so easy.

Assault by a Negro Woman on a White Man.—Elizabeth Castle and John Mitchell had a dispute about three glasses of beer, in a cellar in Ann street; she said the beer was not paid for, and he swore it was. He charged her with hitting him with a hatchet, but she contended "dat he struck her de fus lick, on the back ob de head." One of Mitchell's witnesses also testified that he struck her first, and banged her against the wall. She was discharged.

A vagrant.—Agnes Wallace was found on the steps of the U. S. Hotel, drunk; she had been in the watch-house several times, and had promised to take herself out of the city. The Court sent her over to South Boston as a vagrant, for two months.

Police Court, August 12.—Business was unusually brisk in this Court, this morning, there being upwards of twenty persons examined, who had been committed to jail since Saturday. The offences charged upon the different prisoners were larceny, drunkenness, and its usual concomitant, fighting; and the cases were summarily disposed of in various ways. Wm. Heathcott, who stole a coat in the pocket of which was a gold watch, belonging to Mr. Colburn, of No. 10 North Market street, on Wednesday last, and was arrested on Saturday in Roxbury, with the stolen property in his possession, was bound over for trial.

Trial of Eddy, for the murder of Alfred R. Shepard, April, 1846.—The substance of the testimony was, that on the night of the 29th of November last, after riding with the deceased to Olneyville, Pawtucket, and several places in our city, drinking at all of them besides Pawtucket, in the course of a scuffle for a cap belonging to Shepard, and which Eddy was

trying to get away from him, the latter drew a knife, and gave the former a wound in the abdomen, of which he died. The defence, sustained by several witnesses, was, that Eddy was intoxicated at the time, and that when intoxicated, he is a completely insane man, possesses no control over his actions, and cannot afterwards recollect what he has done.

The Jury returned a verdict of GUILTY OF MANSLAUGTER.

INTEMPERANCE AMONG THE POOR.

"I pass to another sore trial of the poor. Whilst their condition, as we have seen, denies them many gratifications, which on every side meet their view and inflame desire, it places within their reach many debasing gratifications. Human nature has a strong thirst for pleasures, which excite it above its ordinary tone, which relieve the monotony of life. This drives the prosperous from their pleasant homes to scenes of novelty and stirring amusement. How strongly must it act on those, who are weighed down by anxieties and privations! How intensely must the poor desire to forget for a time the wearing realities of life! And what means of escape does society afford or allow them? What present do civilization and science make to the poor? Strong drink, ardent spirits, liquid poison, liquid fire, a type of the fire of hell. In every poor man's neighborhood flows a Lethean stream, which laps him for a while in oblivion of all his humiliations and sorrows. The power of this temptation can be little understood by those of us, whose thirst for pleasure is regularly supplied by a succession of innocent pleasures; who meet soothing and exciting objects wherever we turn. The uneducated poor, without resource in books, in their families, in a well spread board, in cheerful apartments, in places of fashionable resort, and pressed down by disappointment, debt, despondence, and exhausting toils, are driven by an impulse dreadfully strong, to the haunts of intemperance; and there they plunge into a misery sorer than all the tortures invented by man. They quench the

light of reason, cast off the characteristics of humanity, blot out God's image as far as they have power, and take their place among the brutes. Terrible misery! And this, I beg you to remember, comes to them from the very civilization in which they live. They are victims to the progress of science and the arts; for these multiply the poison which destroys them. They are victims to the rich; *for it is the capital of the rich, which erects the distillery, and surrounds them with temptations to self-murder.* They are victims to a partial advancement of society, which multiplies gratifications and allurements without awakening proportionable moral power to withstand them."— *From the Rev. Dr. Channing's Discourse on the Ministry for the Poor.*

"*Remove but one obstacle from our way, and I am quite persuaded that three-fourths of the crime and nearly all the pauperism of this class could be prevented. But what great moral results are to be looked for from the efforts of a few individuals, while the ministers of the intemperance of these are as a hundred to one of their religious or Christian friends?* Father, forgive these enemies of souls, for they know not what they do!

It is too true, that on this subject, the *example* of the rich is far from being what it ought to be, and what it is hoped it may be at some future day.

That the poor are the greatest sufferers by the evil of intemperance, is not to be denied. That they are made poor, in a great majority of cases, by the use of ardent spirit, there is abundant evidence to show. That the retail traffic is a great temptation to forming intemperate habits, the poor and the degraded *themselves certify.*"— *From Rev. T. Tuckerman's valuable work on the Ministry for the Poor.*

To the Honorable Josiah Quincy, Jr., Mayor of the city of Boston.

Sir:—I address you, because it is said of you, that no one is too poor and too humble to be noticed by you; I address you as *Mayor*, because it is only in your official station that you can help me; I do it through the *public print*, for there are others

who are unhappy like myself, from like causes; and for that, the remedy, if there is any, must proceed from public authority; and lastly, because I do not feel that I have the right to obtrude myself, and my miseries, on your notice, in a personal visit.

I am a widow, and the mother of two sons and one daughter. My husband was a sea-faring man; he strove hard to gain an honest living. He was successful till the turn of the times seemed to set the tide against him. His departure from his home, which happened five years ago, on the tenth of the last month, was ordered to be his last, and to be followed by no return to it. Whatever there is yet of him, that *was of the earth*, belongs to the bosom of the deep; what there was *from Heaven*, (and I gratefully acknowledge how much there was of this,) I trust I shall see and know again. The little of means that were left, I gathered, by the kindness of an only brother, who also is gone before me. I commended myself and my fatherless children to the care of Him, to whom alone, the bereaved are encouraged to raise their thoughts, and their hopes. I have done all I could, by strict economy, and prudent measures, to make my children intelligent and virtuous; and to enable them, by their own powers, to do well to themselves, and by their attainments, to do well to others. I was prospered, and was grateful, and was as happy as the bereaved and remembering survivor of happy alliance can ever be. My oldest son approached to manhood with excellent promise. I have gazed on him, with tearful eye, for many an hour, when he knew it not, watching the developement of his manliness, and to admit to my heart the sweet consolations, which I cannot tell you of, for there are no words for these; the widow and the mother, who sees in her son the worth, the beauty, and the manliness of *him*, who only she could so love, so lose, and so mourn, and forever, can feel what I mean, if there be no words to tell of them.

This treasure suddenly changed his accustomed habits, his gentle manner, his frank complacency. Clouds came, where it used to be sunshine; and silence, instead of cheerful remark; then came irregularity in the hours of returning to his home; then later and still later hours; and still deeper gathering of gloom

over his once lovely and innocent expression. The eye that used to turn on me with grateful and reverential affection, was averted; and it visited me only with rapid and fitful glances. "What, my son," said I, "has overtaken you? Is there any sorrow that has crept into your heart? What is it? Here is the bosom into which you may pour it. Tell me, my son; you have no sorrow that is not my sorrow." The tears forced their way, but no words. His heart seemed bursting, but he would tell me nothing. The appearance of wretchedness grew upon him; the habits of irregularity increased. I have sat, Oh! who can tell with what feverish agony! watching the tormenting slowness of the hour-hand, and listening, with all my soul thrown into the mere sense of hearing, to every passing footstep, till the frightful stillness of deep and dreadful night seemed to shut me out from the human world; *but he came not.* No kindness, no entreaties, no demand of maternal right, could touch that changed and impenetrable heart; and yet the agony which it felt would spread itself over his once delightful face; till, at length, it gathered that rigid and menacing emotion, when I ventured to touch upon my own wretchedness, which forced on me the horrible apprehension that there was something deeper than *sorrow*, in the changed aspect of my boy, and that I had lived, or was doomed to live, to regard the keeper of my hopes, the source of my reasonable ambition, the stay and comfort of my declining widowed years, as a *criminal!*

I was driven by this new impulse to know where those hours were spent, which once belonged to me, and who they were that had robbed me of a treasure which could not enrich them, but which had "made me poor indeed." By the agency of friends, who took pity on me, I traced him out. I was relieved to know that he was only *on the way* to crime of public notoriety; and that he had not arrived at it. I heard of him among the riotous, and the vicious; among persons *older* than himself, who had seduced him away; he was described to me in the noisy mirth of some public houses of the city; and at the livery stables; and at some places which I shudder to think of. I fear, honored Sir, that my poor boy is lost to me and to the public. I cannot now

venture to raise my swimming eyes to the widow's God, with other supplications, than that he will enable me to bear this grief, as becomes one, who cannot doubt his grace and goodness.

Debts, and *duns*, and *threats*, are hourly heard at my humble mansion, where only there should be peace and humble gratitude. My heart is broken; and there is no help for me, as to my lost son! But I have *another son* approaching to manhood. Am I to go through these same sorrowing measures with my other son? Is there no way, sir, that these men who keep public houses, *and especially one that I can name in the centre of the city*, can be broken? Is there no way to prevent *minors* from drawing away the last shilling of *widows*, to pay for vices and follies? Is there no way of preventing those men who keep carriages and horses to let, from helping the youth of this city to ride to ruin? Sir, I know not what your powers are; but have you no control over these places, and excluding from them such persons as my son was, when he first entered them? Do such scenes as I allude to, exist in the very bosom of a society which boasts of its order, its regularity, its morality, and its religious attainments? Are thousands and thousands sent to distant lands to reclaim and instruct the heathen, while you tolerate in your own city, establishments which show how worthless all instruction, all example may become, and which are factories of misery, agony, and worse than death, to the innocent and the meritorious? Sir, on my bended knees, I implore your protection. Save me from renewed wretchedness; *save to me my remaining boy.* Let him be a son to me, a brother to my daughter; and when my widowed and broken heart shall heave its last pulse, let there be in it the sentiment of gratitude for the blessing you have bestowed on the grief-worn ELIZABETH ———

Boston, April, 1846.

To MOSES GRANT, ESQ:

Sir, — Your interest in one of the great moral reforms of the age, induces me to narrate a scene witnessed a few days since; and surely such a statement of plain facts should incite every friend of humanity to do something towards staying the deadly

tide, which is bearing so many thousands onward to destruction. Let the case speak for itself, and be its own commentator. It is, alas! but one of the many constantly occurring; one of those sickly sights that harrow the heart and call aloud for help, to battle the destroyer.

I was passing the foot of South Market street, towards the close of the day, when my attention was drawn to a little girl of six or seven years, who was crying bitterly; she was seated on the step of a store door, and upon approaching, I noticed just behind her, two little boys of four or five years. By their side lay a woman, young in years, but old in vice, with a younger child in her arms. This child was crying "Mother, Mother," while the woman, in her intoxicated state, scarcely knowing what she did, strove to pacify it, by shaking her head, and muttering inarticulate words. The little boys had been quieted by the kind interference of a looker on, who supplied them with cake. They were innocent sufferers by the side of a drunken mother. The oldest continued to weep out her heart's grief, a melancholy picture of distress, and awaiting the return of the father. He was in quest of lodgings, having arrived in the city from Portland, and unable up to that time to secure a suitable resting place for his family. He returned to the spot, and from him I gleaned the story of sorrow. He was a subject for pity. He once possessed a happy home; but all was gloom now; his property was gone! his earnings squandered! his very life was embittered! a curse hung to his side — his wife, the mother of those children, was a *drunkard!* He had removed from a former residence, in hopes that a change of scenes and familiar faces might bring out a reform. He wished to escape all old associates — to retire from old haunts. On arriving in this city, his wife promised him that she would not "touch any thing;" but the sequel proved that temptation came, and she fell. He said to me "My heart aches with sorrow — there is the curse — but my children, the children, the almost motherless children!" After a while, a person present assisted him to procure shelter for the night, to which he removed the children, leaving the mother until it should be *dark* enough to remove her. I questioned the woman; but all I could gleam,

as it came through half closed lips — "scorched! — in — hell!" — as if the arch adversary suggested to her the issue of her miserable life. I turned away, asking myself the questions — Can nothing be done to save the poor little children from such examples and such misery? Cannot more be done to check this misery?

My dear Sir, this is no uncommon case; such wretchedness stalks abroad in every section of our city — the effects of intoxicating drink. Beings designed by God for noble purposes, disgraced and degraded, till they become nuisances upon earth, and unfit for heaven. Now, sir, I ask, can the drunkard-maker look upon such scenes without a shudder? Can the Importer and vender look on *unmoved*, at such a wretched husband and distressed children? Can the Importer of wholesale ruin, feel content that his goods shall be retailed to bring about such misery?

If the traffickers would only *reflect* that *they* are the prime movers in all such scenes as the above, would they not yield at once, and say with one of old, "How can I do this great evil, and sin against God?"

Most respectfully yours,

A FRIEND TO THE CAUSE OF TEMPERANCE.

GOOD — JUST RIGHT.

We rejoice to find that the state of morals in our country villages is not so low as to *justify* resistance to the best interests of society for the sake of securing a party triumph. Whilst they firmly engage in the advocacy of political principles, they show us plainly that intemperance is no part of their creed. With several of them the rumseller finds no favor, but on the contrary, they are placed on a level with other criminals who trample upon the laws of the State. Were all our papers to take the same ground, the rumsellers would hide their heads for very shame.

From the Bath Inquirer, April, 1846.

"A case has occurred in this place which shows a very correct state and tone of moral feeling on the subject of temperance, and the influence that feeling exerts.

The case is as follows: very recently, a large quantity of intoxicating liquors was brought here from Boston, consigned to an individual for sale. When this fact became known, there was a general expression of strong disapprobation, and of deep feeling among the inhabitants on the subject, pervading all classes of the community, both male and female, evidently showing that the sale of those liquors could not be permitted. And when the whole matter was brought to the consideration of the person who held the liquors, he, like a good citizen, immediately notified the owners that the liquors could not be sold here, but must be returned to him.

It is hoped all other spoil venders will take warning from this case, and withhold from our *at present* quiet place the "*accursed thing.*"

At a meeting of the citizens on the subject, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That any person who shall hereafter connect with matters of trade, the business of *selling intoxicating drinks*, *forfeits all claims upon the patronage of the public*, and compels all lovers of temperance to withdraw themselves from these doings, as far as possible, and in so doing evince their abhorrence to a traffic at war with every principle of VIRTUE, SOBRIETY and GOOD ORDER.

Resolved, That as far as moral and legal measures will go, we will not allow the sale of ardent spirits as a beverage in this town; and if any person does hereafter knowingly perpetrate such a sale, he is to consider the *public demonstrations of this meeting* as a sufficient warning of the *indignation* which will be pointed against him.

Resolved, That the owners of such craft, sailing to and from this Port, as utterly refuse to lend themselves or their vessels to the transportation of intoxicating liquors, will confer a favor upon this community by making the same distinctly known; and that *temperance men* should take pains to ascertain such facts, that we may be able to *patronize such vessels and none others.*

The following is from a recent number of the *Western Farmer and Gardener*, of which the Rev. HENRY W. BEECHER is Editor:

EVANGELICAL DISTILLERY.

Sued for Libel. — Mr. Comegys, of Lawrenceburg, has commenced a suit against the editors of the Greensburgh Repository, laying his damages at five thousand dollars. — *Indiana Blade.*

That 's right. We know of no person on earth who can so ill afford to lose his character as a Christian distiller. Five thousand dollars' worth of character lost, would make quite a hole in any distiller's character; but in a Christian distiller's not so bad a breach, we hope, as in an ungodly, impenitent distiller's case. Had the Repository known that whiskey was made upon Christian principles at the establishment whose pious owner he slandered, he would doubtless have deliberated long, before uttering his aspersions. *Carnal* whiskey is a dangerous article. But *consecrated* whiskey, brought over from the still amid prayers and hymns, and put up in holy barrels and sent forth with a heavenly-minded aspiration for its usefulness — this is another affair. We regret to say that the other distillery in Lawrenceburg is in an awful way. We fear that there is neither prayer nor religious exercises of any kind about it.

We hope our friend will not allow these spiteful efforts to deter him from his efforts to reform distilleries, and put them on a Christian footing. We have too much faith in the moral sense of the community to believe that they will, on any account, suffer the character of a Christian distiller to leave him. It will stick to him closer than a brother. In sober earnest, we believe that it will stand by him in death; and he will have to stand by it in the judgment day; and, peradventure, a time will come when he would give, not $5000 to recover his character, but as many worlds to get rid of it!

SCRIPTURE WARNING AGAINST INTEMPERANCE.

He that loveth pleasure, shall be a poor man; he that loveth wine and oil shall not be rich. — Prov. xxi: 17.

Be not amongst wine-bibbers, amongst riotous eaters of flesh: for the drunken and the glutton shall come to poverty. — Prov. xxiii: 20, 21.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise. — Prov. xx: 1.

Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babblings? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine, they that go to seek mixed wine. — Prov. xxii: 29, 30.

Look not on the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. Thine eyes shall behold strange women, and thine heart shall utter perverse things. — Prov. xxiii: 31 — 35.

Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflames them. — Isa. v: 11.

Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink. — Isa. v: 22.

Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the spirit. — Eph. v: 18.

Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink; that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken also. — Hab. ii: 15.

He that is a companion of riotous men shameth his father. — Prov. xxviiii: 7.

They that are drunken, are drunken in the night, but let us, who are of the day, be sober. — 1 Thes. v: 7, 8.

It is not for kings to drink wine, nor for princes strong drink; lest they drink and forget the law, and pervert the judgment of any of the afflicted. — Prov. xxxi: 4.

Jesus said unto his disciples, Take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness. — Luke xxi: 34.

I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection, lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a cast away. — 1 Cor. ix: 27.

GAMBLING IN BOSTON.

From the Massachusetts Temperance Standard, Aug. 8, 1845.

It appears from recent developements that the vice of gambling is carried on in this city to an alarming and unprecedented extent. Our young men from the country — the clerks in our stores — apprentices to tradesmen — the sons of our rich men and others, are in imminent danger of ruin, in consequence of the facilities afforded for the practice of this soul-hardening, this meanest and most contemptible of vices. Many of our drinking establishments, and some of our rum Hotels, whose collossal walls adorn the city, have rooms set apart to this abominable vice, where the infatuated young man, whose brain has been stimulated by alcohol in the outer courts of these temples of vice, stakes not only his own money, but that of his employer, on "the hazard of a die." Innumerable painful and affecting cases of young men who left their homes in the country to establish their character and fortune in this busy mart of commercial enterprize, but who were lured into this bewildering and fascinating vice, in which they buried character, fortune and immortal hopes, might be presented before our readers in all their shocking details, till their cheeks would blanch, and hearts grow faint with fear. The revelations of a single night would be of so revolting a character as to excite the virtuous indignation and humane efforts of every honorable and honest man in our midst. Parents, who have sons exposed to this temptation, bestir yourselves, and set on foot an exploration of these dens of vice, and exterminate them by one fell swoop of indignant and exasperated vengeance — not by fire and sword — not by brute force, but by the potent and authoritative mandate of law. What though these establishments are fitted up in magnificent style; what though they are frequented by men of wealth and spirit? shall the rising generation — our sons, the inheritors of our names and fortunes — be sacrificed upon this altar of avarice? Shall these polluted temples, that rear their lofty heads in mockery to heaven, become the charnel houses of our children? Forbid it, ye fathers, ye men of wealth, whose

character for integrity and benevolence has circumnavigated the globe, and imparted a renown to the "merchant princes" of Boston more to be coveted than the diadem of kings. Forbid it, ye ministers of Justice, and ye who bend the knee in adoration at the footstool of Jehovah!

The Mail of Monday says:

"There are in Boston about Two Hundred gambling establishments, i. e., where billiards, faro, dice, &c., are played for money, and nearly one thousand professed gamesters, who have no other means of subsistance. Add to these the number of young men and others who visit these haunts for pleasure, and who are *victimized*, as a matter of course, and we have a revelation of the "mysteries of Boston," calculated to arrest the attention of every moralist and philanthropist in our city.

The case of young Whiting, clerk of Messrs. H. C. Fisher & Co., who acknowledged having taken $4000 from his employers, which he gambled away, has created a great sensation in the city, and will lead to an investigation which we doubt not will put a check upon the unprincipled keepers of these houses."

The Cactus, a paper edited by Wm. J. Snelling, whose revelations on this subject, years ago, produced no little stir among the Athenians, says:

"Common report states the amount of Whiting's embezzlement much higher; indeed at not less than twelve or fourteen thousand dollars, and it is said that Fisher & Co. have failed in consequence. Such are the results of a passion for play. This young man, in the intimate confidence of his employers, receiving a large salary, blessed in the possession of a loving and amiable wife, free from care for the present, and with the brightest prospects before him for the future, yet could not refrain from visiting the *billiard* room at the corner of Court and Sudbury streets — a fashionable and much frequented nuisance it is. The walls are covered with meretricious pictures, among which a naked Venus is conspicuous, and nothing is wanting to inflame the passions and to render vice attractive. We do not say that other games than billiards are played there; we do not say that billiards are played there for money; for common notoriety is not legal proof, and we have no inclination to risk another term of imprisonment for libel; but we do say that some game is played there all night, even the night of Saturday and Sunday, and that the Sunday sun rises upon the players still engaged in their unhallowed task. At 12 o'clock, on such occasions, baise curtains are drawn over the usual transparent ones, that no straggling ray may betray the breach of the Sabbath to the watch."